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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

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"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

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The Great Betrayal

The gathering gloom in Cuba is unmistakable; she is dark and restless under the deep shade of American dishonor. A breach of faith more monstrous than was ever laid at the door of private perfidy has been forced upon the American republic by a band of men who have forgotten the meaning of honor. Never was there a clearer illustration of the truth that capitalism has no country than in the betrayal for private interest of our trust regarding Cuba. The president has exhibited moral cowardice of the most vulgar political variety and he cannot square himself with any thoughtful American by the barn-storming campaign tour of the country which he seems to have in contemplation. He has clearly demonstrated that his courage is purely of a physical character, an attribute of all strong animals. His chance for showing courage of the nobler kind came and went, and found him wanting.

When he realized that his special message to Congress on the Cuban reciprocity measure was a failure, he could have forced action upon the bill and secured its passage, as it came from the House, in the same way that it passed there—by the help of the democratic votes. But he refused to have reciprocity for the sake of justice to Cuba. He insisted upon having it for the sake of his party.

Thus he writes himself down a politician rather than a man. He has stood

by, the chief helmsman, while the once good ship, "The American Republic," went upon the rocks.

Those responsible for the betrayal of Cuba and the still worse betrayal of the American nation are now jauntily saying that it is all right; no harm has been done; we have simply delayed the matter a little; reciprocity will go through next fall without opposition.

They could not make clearer their perfidy than by this very quasi-defense. Vast evil has been done to Cuba, and they know it, and intended it should be so. It is a part of the deliberate plan of capitalism to use the American governmental machinery to crush a defenseless people in the interest of private greed.

Not only did the coterie of capitalists who have planned this entire operation intend that no relief in the way of free trade should be granted Cuba now; but they intend as positively that she shall have free trade, or be dragooned into annexation in the fall.

By that time, when reciprocity is at last granted, something else will have happened. The allied sugar trusts will have reaped their rich harvest through the spoliation of Cuba. They will have acquired at a tithe of their real value the rich Cuban sugar lands whose owners have been forced into bankruptcy, so that then it will not matter to them if the sugar tariff is reduced. Indeed, it will be to their advantage to have it reduced. That—the putting of some millions of

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dollars into the pockets of the sugar trusts, will be all that will have been gained by the delay.

It is true there is really but little choice on the part of the Cuban working class as to whether they shall slave for Cuban or American capitalists. No matter who is bankrupted their economic condition will undergo no improvement until the entire system by which they are exploited has been overthrown; but the question of present issue is American honor, and those Cubans who have not yet risen to clear conceptions of economic determinism, must regard the American people as a conglomeration of hypocrisy, bombast, maudlin sentimentality and vulgar duplicity. There is no square on the blackboard of infamy which Americans have now left unchalked.

All that can be hoped is that such fruition of national policy will the sooner expose the absurdity of capitalistic domination and help to clear the atmosphere for a final complete overthrow of the economic system which permits a handful of commercial brigands to destroy the confidence of a trusting people and blacken a nation's honor.



The trusting American people have tacitly taken it for granted that the responsibility for this betrayal should rest upon the beet-sugar interests. It is true that these interests have brought to bear all the influence they could command to prevent any concessions to Cuban sugar, but that the blame for the national disgrace is to be laid unconditionally at their door is absurd.

One has but to glance at the figures showing the extent of the beet-sugar industry in the United States to comprehend how impossible it would be for so small an industry to dictate terms that violate the national conscience. The census of 1900 gives the following statistics of factories engaged in extracting sugar from the beet:

Number of establishments...	31
Capital invested.....	\$20,958,519
Average number of wage	
earners	1,970
Wages paid.....	\$1,092,207
Cost of materials.....	4,803,786
Value of product.....	7,323,857

In point of capital invested this industry figures to the extent of about two-tenths of 1 per cent in the total manufacturing industry of the United States. In point of value of product, its relative position is measured by about six one-hundredths of 1 per cent. Nor is it apparent that reciprocity with Cuba would affect in the slightest degree adversely this very small beet sugar interest.

Occasionally we read of one desperado holding up an entire railroad train; but this hold-up of the American nation by beet sugar is comparable only to a single cowboy's hold-up of the city of Denver.

There were other interests at work; interests very close to the United States Senate; interests which work quietly in the dark behind such a stalking-horse as this of beet sugar; and it is these interests which indirectly or directly have the republican party in their pay and used this whip to lash the valorous Teddy into quiet submission. In order to remain in politics Mr. Roosevelt, like many a better man before him, has had to consider the sale of his soul. His attitude in the matter of the betrayal of Cuba and the national honor indicates that he has considered the bargain and has made the conventional decision.



A. Lincoln;
Republican

The party which the president hopes may bolster him into a second term seems in a fair way to sever itself from all that was noble in its past. Abraham Lincoln has been so repeatedly held up to the latter day republicans as a rebuke for every policy which has their adherence, that one is quite prepared for the absence of his honored name and maxims in republican dis-

course. One must, however, confess to surprise at the bald slander of this great political leader which is now beginning to manifest itself. In a speech in Congress during the closing days of the last session Senator Platt, the agent of the express companies in the upper house, tried to establish a political kinship between himself in the Philippine subjugation and Lincoln in the civil war, and now comes the Omaha Bee with the following, which is being admiringly quoted by republican organs in the East:

The ignorant spouters and blatherskites quote Abraham Lincoln as the typical champion of the declaration that the consent of the governed must be the condition precedent to the annexation of any new territory and government of its people. If this principle was repudiated by Abraham Lincoln in dealing with the people of the confederate states, whose ancestors had signed the Declaration, helped to establish American independence, and were instrumental in framing our constitution, what right has any one to assume that Lincoln would have exacted the consent - of - the - governed principle in dealing with the semi-savage population of the Philippine islands? Is it not about time for the inspired ignoramus to give us a rest on Lincoln as champion of the consent of the governed?

The utter falseness and baselessness of this comparison must be patent to anyone who thinks at all. The person who cannot see a difference as wide as the poles between suppressing a rebellious faction within a nation organized upon the voluntary allegiance of all, and going abroad to conquer and hold in subjection an alien people, must be either blind or dishonest.

It is hard that he to whom the republican party owes its noblest traditions should at this late date suffer such baseless slander, and strange that it should come to pass in the view of this party that they are ignoramuses and spouters and blatherskites who speak of Lincoln as a champion of the consent-of-the-governed principle! Lincoln said on his way to be inaugurated, when threats of assassination were hanging over him, that "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it."

Truly it is a weak sort of lying that can marshal Lincoln's memory in defense of criminal aggression and benevolent assimilation, in the face of such words as these. It indicates that the smug hypocrisy of William McKinley is at last breaking down and the party of the bigger capitalists is beginning to show itself in its true colors.

Another of Lincoln's declarations presents itself at this juncture almost as a commentary upon the above distortion: "You cannot fool all of the people all of the time." When it dawns upon the great mass of the American people that the republican party is no longer the party of Lincoln its majorities will perhaps be somewhat impaired. The people are slow to see; but they do see in time.

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**Republican
Self-Destruction**

One cannot review the recent session of Congress and note the actions of the dominant party, even aside from its capitalistic truckling, without a mild sort of wonder. If the word republican had any meaning relative to the idea of a republic, or representative government, at the beginning of the session, it is patent that it had little at the close. Metaphorically the House of Representatives, overwhelmingly republican and therefore able to do as it liked, deliberately bound itself, gagged itself, put itself in a hole, and pulled the hole in after it. This singular effacement of a popular house, by its own deliberate volition, has scarcely a parallel in history. When the day to day action of the House is studied the leaders of the majority party in that body appear in the curious attitude of persons bent upon the destruction of their own importance and that of the whole body of representatives as factors in national legislation. Absolute power over the presentation, discussion and amendment of measures has been given to the speaker and a committee on rules, and this coterie of less than half a dozen men entirely dominates all proceedings. It decides what shall be considered and

for how long and by whom; and the precise course of any measure is determined in advance. Deliberation under this method of procedure, of course, becomes out of the question, and discussion sinks to the level of mere mechanical utterance in so far as effect upon the House is concerned. Accordingly even discussion is discouraged, and the most important measures are now regularly whipped through the House within two and three days' time. The Nicaragua canal bill, committing the government to an enterprise of great moment, was given three days for consideration. The Philippine tariff bill, involving principles and policies of government of the first magnitude, was railroaded through in as brief a time. Deliberation left the House entirely in both cases, and debate was reduced to a farce.

It is the Senate now which deliberates and legislates, and the country recognizes the fact, as the House concedes it. An important petition circulated for signatures during the session was addressed, not to Congress, as it ordinarily might be, but to the Senate. This is the real law-making body at Washington. It is the only part of the legislative power which debates and deliberates, and by virtue of this fact does it become the one branch of Congress which now regularly determines the course and character of American legislation.

When we consider that the Senate, barring a few gentlemen of the old school, is made up entirely of the representatives of monopoly and in no wise represents the people, the consequences of this astounding action of the House may be estimated. It looks like deliberate preparation for a dictatorship. So far as exercising a popular check upon the actions of the Senate is concerned the House of Representatives which does not represent may as well shut up shop and save the people the cost of its maintenance. To pay \$5,000 a year to a lot of wooden Indians would equally conserve the cause of popular government.

The thing the Americans call their

government is simply an organized agency for the service of capitalism; not a shred of the one-time republic is left save the outer shell of form which serves as the blind behind which capitalism pulls the strings of its puppets.



**The Decadence of
Parliament**

It is singular that at the time when the once-popular house of the American government is dwindling into imbecility, like manifestations should occur in its English counterpart. No more unmistakable evidence of the inevitability of socialism could be pointed out than this glaring illustration of the rapid decay of the representative bodies of two such nations as England and America. Representative government has broken down and its advocates are barren of any suggestions for its rehabilitation.

Writing from London recently Arnold White declares:

The mother of parliaments has bestrangled her garments in the mud of faction, corruption and trifling loquacity. She has renounced control over the public purse, the composition of the ministry and the conduct of foreign affairs. She has surrendered her power to ministers, who are content to drift whenever public opinion leaves them alone. The House of Commons contains but one party that knows its own mind—the Irish Nationalists.

The lower house is no longer a miniature of the nation, while ministers are necessarily inefficient, because they are neither trained for the work of their departments, nor are they able to command the services of competent advisers among the permanent servants of the crown, for the heads of departments are now almost universally appointed because they are favorites of this or that set in society, not because they are efficient.

This epidemic of favoritism has had the worst effect in the foreign office, the postoffice and the war office. An experienced under secretary of great distinction has recently assured me from his own experience that the ablest men in the civil service, unless their claims are supported by influential politicians and women of society, have no chance of preferment.

It is clear that the historic House of Commons, like the imitative House of Representatives, as a machine for the performance of national business, the control of expenditure and the super-

vision of national policy, has broken down.

The only party thoroughly in earnest is the Irish, and they have recently made successful approaches to the labor interests, the result of which is to ally the socialistic element in the country with the home rulers. An overworked and half-informed administration yields one point after another, because it is easier to yield than to stand firm.

Confronted with universal hostility abroad, and with the foundations of the constitution breaking up under their feet, members of the House of Commons, in a mood of apathy are following the primrose path of dalliance and letting things drift. As a proof of this, further facts from Mr. White make good evidence:

In the session just over 80,000 meals were served on the river terrace of the House. This means that a monstrous regiment of women has invaded the precincts. Members are dallying with ladies over strawberries and ices when they ought to be attending to their duties. The frou frou of petticoats is heard in corridors in which women have no rightful place. Thus it arises that a sum of £70,000,000 is voted without comment or discussion. No sensible man can imagine that this state of things can continue. But it must get worse before it gets better. The reaction, when it comes, will be terrible. England's demented effort to enlarge the boundaries of the empire on every occasion, without taking steps to maintain her naval and increase her military strength, is destined to meet with a shock of surprise and disappointment.

The old things are passing away, and even amid the pageant and the tumult of the coronation will be heard the mutterings of the coming storm. The decay of the House of Commons makes a rearrangement of national institutions not merely natural, but inevitable.

Surely things would seem to be in the melting-pot for a recast of social institutions when such indubitable evidence of the decay of republican principles as are manifested by England and America can be brought to bear. It would seem that the popular houses of both these countries are too far gone in dry rot to make mending possible. They can only be ended—and the sooner the better, for it is in decaying governments that tyranny runs riot. All the good which accompanies the

impulse of their founding dies with the death of popular control and interest, and both of these elements have vanished from government in the nations under consideration; the Boer war in the one, and the Philippine war in the other being sufficient indication.



The Coal Strike

The coal strike drags doggedly on. No one will impeach the wisdom of the convention in deciding against the sympathetic strike of the bituminous miners at this time. Their money to sustain the men in the anthracite battle is better than their sympathetic idleness. Meanwhile the lethargic public is beginning to look forward to its winter's supply of coal and to ask ugly questions about the coal monopoly. The equanimity of the anthracite coal operators has been explained. Although their mines have been closed for months the supply of coal to consumers continues, but at largely advanced prices. There is no coal famine in the East, although no coal is being mined in the great anthracite district. The public is not suffering from lack of fuel for domestic and industrial use, but it is suffering in pocketbook. The average July prices for anthracite in New York are from \$4.05 to \$4.30. Coal is now selling at from \$7 to \$8 a ton.

It is apparent that the anthracite trust has a large reserve stored away, from which it draws at will. When a dealer needs coal he can get it without difficulty. He cannot buy in large quantities. It is doled out in small lots to convey the impression that the supply is meager and to excuse the advanced price. But if the dealer or consumer is willing to pay the price he need not go without fuel.

The source of this reserve is not made public, but it is evident that the trust controls it. If the operators held no reserve from which they could sell coal at exorbitant prices they would not be as calm over the situation at the mines.

They could not afford to allow their mines to remain closed indefinitely. If they were suffering from the idleness of their property they would make some effort to secure a compromise with the strikers and resume production. But they are insolently independent. They say that when the miners are ready to return to work they will be willing to receive and forgive them; but they have no terms to offer the strikers. They are complacently satisfied with the situation and are making no effort to change it.

The secret of the operators' confidence is buried in the bins where the mysterious reserve is stored. The strikers are losing \$3,000,000 a month in wages, and the trust feels certain that starvation will force them to capitulate unconditionally. In the meantime the public is paying the bills. The strike is not costing the operators a cent as long as their reserve holds and they can force the public to buy it at an advance of 100 per cent.

How long the dear public will bear with this state of things after the facts become clear, and the time for supplying the bins for winter comes along, is a matter of interesting speculation to socialists.



The Weary Traveler

There was a "shirt man" in town yesterday pestering individuals for orders for goods in his line. Our merchants carry good lines of all kinds of shirts, and our citizens will do well to buy their goods of them. They can send in your order, too, if you can't find what you want in their stock. Any Windom merchant will sell you a negligee shirt for \$1.00 which is equal in every way to the one the traveling shirt man will charge you \$1.75 to \$2.25 for.—Windom Reporter.

Is it not remarkable that a man who today comes into a community to bring it good things to wear should be regarded as its natural enemy?

Windom is an inconspicuous village in Minnesota.

It is one of those two or three hundred thousand miserable little American towns, shut out by the operation of the competitive system from intelligence, art,

good taste, and everything else that makes life attractive. This type of town is a monument to buried intelligence.

Its interests are wholly within its own petty boundaries and most of the souls produced by its environment are of about the translucent quality of wooden buttons. Anyone who has survived the contagion of its insular vulgarity lives in wretched loneliness of spirit, misunderstood and undervalued by the petty inhabitants, whose dullness is too dense for the comprehension of an unconventional idea.

Intellectual novelties are regarded as baneful to the welfare of the community, as are also novelties in wearing apparel and other attributes of physical life.

Mediocrity is god, and he who rises above it is a blasphemer.

Anyone with a personality is an anarchist, and should die the death.

And yet the hearts of these people are not corrupted. They do one another kindly service. Any individual suffering or misfortune enlists the sympathy of the whole community. They are just as good as the soul-destroying economic system will let them be.

Their pettiness and vulgarity and narrow insularity, so distasteful and discouraging to the emancipated, is the direct and logical result of their struggle for a livelihood. The sordid conditions of their environment cannot possibly produce agreeable character, nor develop intellects of wide horizon.

Their regard for their own petty interests is only the national idea of "patriotism" reduced to the dimensions of the village. Anyone from outside is regarded as a pestilence, and may thus be practically a "foreigner" in his native country.

This "shirt man" who came to Windom was a brother American. He may have been struggling to sell shirts enough to feed a wife and babies. Whatever he did it for, it was neither for his amusement nor with the idea of injuring anybody.

Here, then, was an American, going

about his native land in the pursuit of an honest livelihood, and regarded by his fellow-citizens as an intruder to be decried against in the rural press.

It is a dreary life—the traveling man's life; as absurd and out of focus as most other lives in our present organization of society. The traveling man lives in railroad cars and hotels until he loathes them both. He sits up half the night to get a freight train to the next town, his head nodding in the smoky atmosphere of the foul station lamp; homesick, weary, almost discouraged.

Some traveling men do not see their wives and children for six months at a stretch. The littlest ones ask their mother who the man is who comes there sometimes and brings them candy.

The wife longs for the constant sympathy and companionship of the husband; and the husband longs for the sympathy and companionship of the wife, and sometimes in sheer loneliness each finds some other, nearer affinity.

Man was not meant to be alone.

The "good" people—"good," thanks only to their domestic environment—look askance at the traveling man as a being of uncertain morality. He does not get into the homes of the towns he goes to. He sits about the dreary hotel and starves, and starves and starves—for human companionship.

The greatest loneliness is where people are—people whom you don't know.

When you are driven from your home in order to feed those for whom you made the home it is pretty hard; but when in addition to this you are gratuitously branded as immoral, and those whom you go among regard you as an intruder and a public pest, it is harder still.

The tragedy of it all is that the traveling man believes that the order of society which forces these hard conditions upon him, is a natural order. He is so enslaved by his environment that he thinks it natural that men should have to travel at unearthly hours of the night; be banished from all social enjoyments and be hated by the inhabitants of vul-

gar little villages, *in order to induce people to accept the things which they all want.*

Thousands and thousands of men, following this dreary life, pass over the same field in the period of a year, selling or attempting to sell the same things. It is an unspeakable waste of life.

In a mal-adjusted society one life out of focus forces other lives out of focus. There is a natural order, and a distortion anywhere forces all lives affected by it into attempted conformity. We adjust ourselves to our environment or we are crushed out.

The traveling man is forced out of the natural domestic channels by the competitive struggle of one wholesale house against another. He can live by helping on the conflict; by becoming a commercial sharpshooter, as it were. As an additional factor the railroad monopoly comes in here, and, being operated for private profit instead of public benefit, helps to distort the life of the traveling man. One man travels in place of many; in place of all the merchants and other consumers in the little towns. It is easier that way.

But the price paid for this cheapness is the distorted and unnatural life of the traveling man on one side, and the narrow insularity of the villagers on the other. The villagers positively need to travel to get a point of view. They should go to the cities to select their own goods. They must get an idea or two at the same time. This, by a sort of filtration, would educate their communities out of vulgar pettiness. They would learn the solidarity of humanity and thus the common local intelligence might be elevated.

It is only as the solidarity of the race is recognized that people will strive for the abolition of the anti-social conditions that now distort human life. Travel is a great help to such recognition. It is always the untraveled man or woman who is narrow and prejudiced.

This is what ails Windom, Minnesota. Some of its inhabitants have never been out of the county, and others, reckoned the most intelligent, have derived their

ideas of a city from the funereal atmosphere of St. Paul.

St. Paul is intellectually and spiritually dead. Private ownership has taken a once promising city by the throat and squeezed it into insensibility. You might as well live in Windom and have an idea as to live in St. Paul and have one. It would be of equal use to you.

A city may be as insular in spirit as a village, and progress thus averted as surely in one as in the other. There is no monopoly in stupidity; the more general its public possession the more easy the maintenance of anti-social systems.

The benumbing influences of insularity as manifested by the public attitude of Windom toward the "shirt man," can only be dissipated by the counter influences of solidarity; in other words, Socialism.

But to attempt to inculcate a philosophy of solidarity among the middle class, whose every tradition is based on competitive warfare, is to go about remaking the world the hardest way.

There is a class, however, which may be innoculated with the spirit of solidarity, and when stimulated by this spirit to independent political action, may not only save itself from onerous conditions of living, but may save the middle class in spite of itself from its life of vulgar insularity. This is the working class; the proletariat; the people without property; the people who have only service of hand or brain to exchange for their bread. It is the historic mission of this class to save the world from pettiness of spirit and public immorality now expressed in the middle-class laws of private property.

You have but once really to get the attention of the worker to convince him of his identity of interest with every other worker the world over. When a conception of unanimity once possesses a sufficient number of the workers to induce them to vote their own emancipation, they will calmly and dispassionately take into common ownership the great material resources of the common life;

they will take the mines, and the railroads, and everything else into common ownership which private ownership can in any way use for exploitation, leaving to private ownership men's homes and everything connected with them which is purely personal and necessary for complete individual development.

The competitive struggle crushes individuality, as we see by glancing at Windom or St. Paul. There are highly organized individuals who would prefer death to a protracted residence in either of these places or any of their prototypes. Life is what you get out of it. If you are to breathe a dead atmosphere of stagnation you are better dead; then it cannot stifle you.

The class-conscious solidarity of the working class is the first step toward the abolition of all classes; and with the abolition of classes will vanish insularity and all the petty hatreds and other absurdities.

There will then be great public warehouses in rationally constructed cities, where each may satisfy his wants in material things by serving the community in the way he likes best. Fear of want will vanish, for even under present restricted production there is enough for all; grain rots in the bins because privately owned railroads will not haul it for the public good.

Every normal man either does some useful work with his hands, or indulges in uninteresting routine exercise. If he doesn't he gets ossified, and his lungs collapse, and he slides into his grave not missed by very many. The men of a rationally organized community could make play of all the public work of a physical character, by working together an hour a day. This would bring health and strength, and abolish the crabbedness and ill-nature that spring from impaired circulation. An hour in the adjacent field pitching hay, or stacking grain, with a merry band of fellows, might be agreeably substituted for the time we now spend hanging to the strap of a street car.

Windom would grow larger and St. Paul would grow smaller, and both would become fit to live in.

A man might then go to Windom with novelties in shirt patterns without arousing the public ire. The vulgar hatred inspired by insularity would fall away with the removal of the economic conditions which inspire it, and the weary traveler would come to his home at last.

How It Comes, How It Goes

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE

Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, son of the railroad family, played roulette one night at Mr. Canfield's gambling house in Forty-fourth street, in the city of New York, and lost \$125,000. **HE ROSE WITH A SMILE OF GOOD-NATURED INDIFFERENCE.**

Thus briefly the news report tells one incident of life in a great city, where the very rich and the very poor dwell together in harmony.

A man with six children and a wife gets up at daybreak—his wife has been up before him to prepare some thin coffee and fat bacon.

He takes his heavy crowbar and starts out for a distant point on the New York Central Railroad track, where he has been ordered to work. With the heavy crowbar and other tools he works all day long, tamping down the stone ballast under the ties.

He goes home at dark, having earned one hundred and twenty-five cents—a dollar and a quarter.

Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, whose family is made prosperous by the labor of tens of thousands of men, arises at 10 or

11 o'clock, walks on Fifth avenue, lunches at Delmonico's, rides in the park, dines leisurely, goes to the theater and drifts into Canfield's.

He nods to the croupier, who, with his apparatus all ready to swindle, is most affable.

A small ivory ball, spun by nervous fingers, swings around the hollow wheel. It strikes, jumps, rattles, settles down, and one play is over.

For an hour or two it rattles on. Then Mr. Vanderbilt goes away, having spent the day satisfactorily. **HE HAS LOST AT GAMBLING \$125,000.**

He never EARNED a dollar in his life.

The gambling amusement of one evening represents the labor for one day of 100,000 men.

Is Reginald Vanderbilt a bad, vicious boy? Not at all. He simply takes what our stupid social organization gives him—the labor of other men. He tries to get what pleasure he can out of life and what excitement he can for his nerves.

Not young Mr. Vanderbilt is to blame—nor can you justly blame the swindling vampire who owns the gambling house. Both of them are products of actual conditions. Both are even useful. For the little gambling story which leaks out is a splendid lesson. It impresses on men's minds the horrid injustice of turning over the earnings of a hundred thousand men, the railroad wealth of a great state, to a foolish dissipated boy. It impresses even on the dullest mind the gross stupidity of a system which compels the many to work and suffer that the few may be dissipated, ruining themselves while they deprive others.



Helena Born's Testament

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT

With the fragrance of the spring-time a little book has come to me, pleasant to handle with simple brown covers and neatly printed pages. Its frontispiece is the face of a woman who is dead,—Helena Born, of Boston. She was not a woman who was very widely known in the world; she had but few intimate friends; she constantly struggled for expression, as we are told by one who knew her well, against "a well-nigh insuperable diffidence." This book of essays is her testament.

The volume is inscribed "Whitman's Ideal Democracy," the title of the first essay. Helen Tufts, of Boston, contributes an introduction, in which is expressed the very poetry of the life-long friendship existing between Helena Born and Miriam Daniell, the ardent soul who labored with her in her life-work and followed with her after forlorn hopes. There are two essays on Whitman, one on "Thoreau's Joy in Nature," another on "Poets of Revolt: Shelley, Whitman, Carpenter," and three on sex problems. These essays are fine examples of serious writing. There is no effervescence,—no striving for effect. They are all strong and direct and beautiful.

Helena Born appears in these pages chiefly in the role of the exponent. But while she interprets to us the writings of the men who are qualified to speak, she would not make of us mere disciples or hero-worshippers. Each one must be true to his or her own ideal of truth; only that is important. Helena Born did not ignore externals, but she tried to help every individual to attain that development of character which his opportunities permitted and his ideals demanded. "Her attitude toward every vital question," says Helen Tufts, "toward every earnest man or woman who desired her friendship, was frank, open,

sincere. She sought after truth because it added to the fullness of life; she advocated social and economic emancipation, including men no less than women, because she deemed this the first and essential step." She was a poet, a musician, an artist. "Life in her hands was plastic material; she shaped it lovingly and with a high purpose." To quote from her own words:

"Whitman's directing posts . . . seem to point to the supremacy of love in human relations,—to a time characterized by the full expression and reception of individuality, by copiousness of life facilitating soul expression,—to a time when mutual helpfulness will replace rivalry, when non-governmental organization will spring up in place of coercive authority, and when natural leadership, based on innate fitness, will supersede officialism founded on adventitious extrinsic conditions,—a time when the social sympathies will be so developed that the regulation of production will be free from monopolistic interference, and the creative ability of the individual, governed by the wisdom that is of the soul, will find full scope and delight in spontaneous work nicely adjusted to the needs of the community,—the desire being to contribute that which shall be a joy and a benefit to all."

The world was incapable of understanding such a one as Helena Born, because she was too far beyond it. She was a woman of the ages that are to be, born out of her due time. When the men and women of this earth are inspired by the kind of motive that inspired Helena Born; when their lives move on the same plane as did hers; when their natures become responsive to the ideal that dominated her being,—there will be no more need of Heavenly Paradises. This world will be a Paradise.

Whitman's Ideal Democracy and other essays, by Helena Born; for sale by Helen Tufts, 36 Walker st., Cambridge, Mass. Price one dollar.

Why Not?

BY ONE OF THE FAITHFUL



Dedicated to the lovers of Old Walt

What's the use
Of tying a poet down to conventional rules,
And spoiling
His good ideas—
By rhyme and metre, which
Knock
All the soul out of them?
Why can't he write
Just as he
Damn pleases; and if
He wants
To write a nice long line like this, regardless of
the laws of versification, the quantities of
syllables, accent, rhythm, stanzas, strophes
and measures;
Or else a little bit of a
Short line like this—
Why not?





Was There Ever Such Battle

BY GEORGE D. HERRON

I.

Was there ever such a battle as this—
To grow a love that shall take unto itself the life that grows
it,
And then a will that shall be altogether and only love's
messenger,
Its outgoing warmth and radiance and healing ?
Yet a will that shall be love's adamant,
Bringing the mind into sweet obedience to itself,
The hid springs of thought,
The elusive tides of feeling,
The deceit and anarchy of motive,
The words that carry the poison of the centuries,
The masterless and shifting deeds,
And all the infinity that beats and ebbs within the soul ?
Was there ever such a battle ?
I ask, and fight on—
Round a diminishing circle of achievement.

II.

Or is it by battle, after all, that the victory of the soul is to
come ?
Is it by making war upon itself that the soul is to come to
itself ?
Or is this the soul's victory—

To discern some deep love-movement in every root and flower
of life,
In every impulse or effect,
In every tone or color,
From the poisonous weed to the brave flowers that bloom in
Alpine snows,
From the rage of the serpent to the patience of the harnessed
and burdened beast,
From the priest's guile to the mind of Christ,
From the tyrant's misery to the rapture of the dying slave,
From the wealth-master's power to the wonder of labor's long
submission ?
And then to loose the soul from battle,
That it may flow into the found love-movement,
As surely and simply as the child turns to the truth,
Or as the hill-side violet turns to the sun ?
Is not this the soul's victory ?

Pegli, Italy, April 22, 1902.



THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

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Franklin St. Woodworth

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
NO. 12 AUGUST, 1902 VOL. I

EDITORIAL

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint or prophet spends.

—LOWELL'S *Kossuth*.

peculiar weed. It is of a bushy character and attains a height of three or four feet.

It is called the tumble-weed.

When it reaches its full maturity it dries to a tinder and a gust of wind snaps it off at the base.

Then it goes rolling and dancing over the prairie for miles and miles and miles; catching for an instant here and there on a bit of sage brush or bunch-grass, thence released again to ride the prairie wind.

It is an innocent weed enough except when there is a prairie fire; then it is a portent and a terror.

When the ranchmen see the smoke of a prairie fire rising up to windward, they hurriedly get out their plows in gangs and plow as broad an open strip as they can across the path of the blazing grass before the fire reaches them. The plowed ground halts the fire. But the ranchmen do not rest after plowing. When they have plowed as wide a path as they have time for, they quickly strip the harness off the horses and with long sticks in their hands spring upon the animals' backs.

They are on the alert for the tumble-weed.

The tumble-weed comes bounding along, a globe of blaze, and when it reaches the plowed ground, where it has nothing to impede its progress, it darts across the open space like thistle-down and ignites the prairie on the other side.

There may come a dozen of them across the length of the plowed strip simultaneously. It takes quick action to intercept and beat them down. When the wind is high they will give a good horse as hard a chase as he cares for.

Often, in spite of the vigilance and alertness of the ranchmen, the tumble-weed escapes the blow of the stick and their plowing is futile. The conflagration spreads and spreads.

There are tumble-weeds in human society;—disturbers of the estab-

lished order, whom the plowed ground of civilization cannot rob of their enthusiasms.

To the Conventional Ones who like things as they are, and whose plans of life depend upon the continuance of the status, the revolutionist appears as the tumble-weed appears to the ranchman,—a threatening nuisance, calculated to bring well-laid plans to naught. But they both have their place in nature, as the rounding cycles make clearly apparent.

In 1831 the petty tyrants of divided Italy were patrolling the frontiers and the coast towns of that sorely afflicted country against the exile, Joseph Mazzini.

They knew that if his writings got past the plowed ground (the patrol) they would ignite the prairie tinder beyond (the mind of Italy). Mazzini was at Marseilles editing *Young Italy*. When an issue would come off the press, he would take a single copy to one of the faithful who worked in a cement yard. The faithful one would secretly sink it into the middle of a barrel of cement and mark the barrel. The barrel would then be innocently shipped to some coast town of Italy with a lot of other barrels of cement. Here another of the faithful would pick out the marked barrel and take out the copy of *Young Italy*,—at the risk of his life. In some obscure garret the matter of the publication would be reproduced by means of the clandestine press and the faithful would disseminate it to all parts of the Italian peninsula.

One copy of each issue was enough to smuggle; it ignited the Italian imagination which blazed like a prairie fire.

There were no ranchmen in Europe alert enough to intercept this tumble-weed, try as they might, and the fire it ignited scorched out the petty tyrants and unified Italy.

It is sad, sad reading, the lives of the human tumble-weeds of history. Scorned and scourged by their contemporaries as a rank and hateful growth, the organized ranchmen called Governments have beaten out many a celestial flame, and left the blackened corpse upon the plain.

But here and there, despite the vigilance of tyranny, one has bounded across the intercepting furrows, spreading the purifying fire of noble aspiration and love of liberty to the waiting peoples.

And so it will be to the end of time, for the wisdom of the Plan will not be thwarted by human tyranny; there will always be a tumble-weed to escape the man on horseback until the dreary prairies of human

exploitation blossom as the rose in the cultivated gardens of the co-operative commonwealth, and the tumble-weed vanishes with the conditions of its creation.

"When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go,
nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last.

When there are no more memories of heroes and martyrs,
And when all life and all the souls of men and women are
discharged from any part of the earth,
Then only shall liberty or the idea of liberty be dis-
charged from that part of the earth,
And the infidel come into full possession."

Courage, Tumble Weed!

BY OLD WALT

Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on—Liberty is to be subserved whatever occurs;
That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or
any number of failures;
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by
any unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon,
penal statutes.

The battle rages with many a loud alarm and frequent
advance and retreat
The infidel triumphs, or supposes he triumphs,
The prison, scaffold, garrote, handcuffs, iron necklace and
lead-balls do their work.

The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,
The great speakers and writers are exiled, they lie sick in
distant lands,
The cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with
their own blood,
The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground
when they meet;
But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place, nor
the infidel enter'd into full possession.

What we believe in waits latent forever through all the
continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and
light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.



MARY ("MOTHER") JONES

"Mother" Jones

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

"Mother" Jones has been compared to Joan of Arc, but she is more than that.

The French maid derived her inspiration from the mystical creations of a brain inflamed by religious ecstasy. She was the slave of her own imagination. She fought for the "divine right of kings," dying a vicarious sacrifice to a cause, which dominant in her day, will soon cease to disfigure the world. Her rightful place as the fanatical representative of medieval mummary has already been assigned her.

But "Mother" Jones absorbs inspiration from living men and women; their hopes and fears, their scant joys and abundant sorrows, are hers also to laugh with and to weep over. She deals with things that are, to fashion the better things that will be. And her cause is the one that will release mankind from material subserviency and mental obliquity, to finally rejuvenate and glorify the world.

In this only are they alike: Joan of Arc was peculiarly the product of the material conditions of her time, just as

"Mother" Jones is of the conditions existing to-day. Each would have been impossible at any other period. As Joan of Arc typified the superstition and mental darkness of the people who hailed and followed her as one gifted with supernatural power, so "Mother" Jones is the embodiment of the new spiritual concept and clearer mentality characteristic of the awakening working class of our day. She is the incarnation of the spirit of revolt against modern industrial conditions—the spirit which finds fullest expression in the worldwide socialist movement.

For "Mother" Jones is above and beyond all, one of the working class. She is flesh of their flesh, blood of their blood. She comes of them, has lived their lives, and, if necessary, would die to make their lives happier and better. She loves the workers with a passionate love stronger than the love of life itself. Her advent marks the stage of their progress toward emancipation.

It is the recognition, unconscious perhaps, of this affinity with them that constitutes the real source of her strength with the working people. Instinctively they feel she is one of them. When she speaks they listen to one of their own kind. Thus she becomes a veritable magnet that draws them together, oftentimes in spite of themselves.

For "Mother" Jones is no orator, in the technical sense of the term. Her rhetoric might be more rounded, her phrases more polished, and even her voice gentler than years of indiscriminate speaking, in and out of doors, have left it. But if they were, she would probably be less successful in her work. Her apparent weaknesses are really aids rather than hindrances. Her language is plain, her illustrations crude but vivid, and she has a facile wit. And her voice is the more effectual because it is not sweet nor silvery, but rather harsh at times. Nevertheless, I have known that voice to arouse workingmen to frenzy and again soften them into tears. It is the soul that speaks.

So the working people understand

and trust her. Only the demagogue or shyster among them fears her keen eye and ready tongue. She has the faculty of ferreting out such as these and sooner or later they feel it. She is seldom deceived in her judgment of men or women. Absolutely sincere herself, she quickly detects insincerity in others. She is as impatient of hypocrisy as she is free from it. Her face tells its own story.

Some one has said she lacks femininity. It depends upon what is meant by that term. If to be feminine means to be selfish and dependent upon others, to gossip rather than to act, to be concerned more with gew-gaws than with one's fellow-creatures, then assuredly "Mother" Jones is not feminine. But if to feel for others, to seek to assuage their sufferings, to know the truth and dare to fight for it, even at the risk of the contempt and scorn of her own sex, is the measure of true womanhood, then she is a true woman.

Only when she pillories the "robbers" and the enemies of labor does her voice lack sympathy. Of that quality she has an unlimited quantity, and she distributes it freely among her people. When she takes the baby from the tired mother's arms and soothes it, when she listens to the working woman's plaint of household drudgery, severe economy, or factory slavery; when the laborer tells of hard work and little pay; when the agitator grows discouraged and pessimistic—then she can always say the right word and do the right thing to bring comfort and restore hope. Wherever she goes she enters into the lives of the toilers and becomes a part of them. She is indeed their mother in word and deed. She has earned the sweetest of all names honestly.

Recently I traversed the territory where "Mother" had worked for several months organizing. To say her name is a household word is to use a hackneyed phrase for want of a stronger one to express it. Everyone knew her, from the smallest child to the oldest inhabitant. And all blessed her—except

the mine owners and their sympathizers whose hatred she is gratified to enjoy. There were places she entered three years ago where the women—wives of miners—refused to speak to or recognize her. Now her picture occupies a prominent place on the walls of their homes. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly her ability to overcome prejudice and make the workers her friends and confidants, and something more than mere blind followers or stupid worshipers. She represents the cause made up of the tangible realities which compose their daily lives.

* * * * *

It seems quite in the order of things to learn that "Mother" Jones was born in Ireland. Her character smacks of the soil. She inherits her fighting instincts from a hearty revolutionary stock, and her surroundings were congenial to resistance to tyranny. It is nearly sixty years ago since her blue eyes first saw the light in Cork, but those eyes are as bright and her heart is as fresh as that of a young girl. And her hatred of injustice has grown with the years.

"Mother" has had full share of personal suffering. Coming early in life, with her parents, to Canada, she married, but lost her husband and four children in the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis several years afterwards. Thrown upon her own resources, she taught school for a while, and in pursuit of that vocation journeyed west. In San Francisco she gained her first experience in labor agitation by participating in the movement against Chinese cheap labor, and in which Denis Kearney became famous. Then she joined the Knights of Labor, and from that time her activity has never ceased.

She was a member of the Peoples party from its birth up to the fatal St. Louis convention, which she attended, helping to fight the nomination of Bryan, and for that of Debs. After that convention she left the Populists and joined the socialist movement, with which she has been identified ever since.

During this time she was also working on the skirmish line of the trade union movement, going here and there, assisting where she could in winning battles on the economic field. She was in Chicago during the famous strike of 1894, and no great struggle but has known her since. It was her work in the bituminous miners' strike of 1897 that first attracted universal public attention, although labor agitators almost everywhere knew her. At that time she braved a cordon of deputies in West Virginia in order to get the miners there to quit work, and in the Pittsburg district her pathway was lined with thugs employed to intimidate her, an effort which was, of course, a failure. From that time her name has been anathema to the coal operators of America.

Her exploits during these latter years would fill a good sized book. Traveling overland through Nebraska and other western states in a wagon, speaking and distributing literature on socialism; securing employment in southern cotton mills to investigate conditions first hand; conducting a successful strike of packers in the stock yards of Omaha; another of four thousand silk mill girls in Scranton, Pa., extending over four months; a seven-months miners' strike at Arnot, Pa., another victory and one which marked a new era in the mining industry of that region—these and others constitute a record unequaled by anyone. For the past two years her time has almost wholly been taken up in organizing the miners of West Virginia, whose indifference to organization and subjection to the mine owners has made that state a source of injury to the whole miners' union.

It is here that "Mother" has encountered more dangers than in all her other experience, for the state has been heretofore entirely under control of the capitalists and the entrance of agitators has been opposed in every shape and manner. It was for this very reason that "Mother" went there. She has been able to do what no man or any num-

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ber of men could accomplish, even had they wanted to. The present strike of 20,000 men, after years of abject slavery, is the direct result of her work. Injunction after injunction has been issued against her, but she has gone right on. As I write this the news comes that, after awaiting sentence for several days, following upon being found guilty of contempt of court for violating one of these injunctions, the same judge has dismissed her with a reprimand. In this he showed more wisdom than such as he are usually credited with, but the effectiveness of the reprimand is doubted.

It remained for President John Mitchell to recognize the value of this woman's great ability and provide the opportunity to put it to full account. Through him she has been a national organizer of the United Mine Workers for the past three years, and her work has more than justified his action. It is conceded and acknowl edged by all that she has done more than anyone else to solidify the miners into a strong national organization. She has infected the whole mining industry with her enthusiasm and by her socialist teaching she has turned the thoughts of thousands of workers towards the greater mission in store for them. In view of this it is easy to understand why every one of the thousand delegates to the national convention, just adjourned, wept when they bade farewell to her upon her departure to West Virginia to receive sentence from a capitalist court.

Courageous almost to the point of recklessness, she knows no danger when occasion requires it. Her defiance of a court's injunction is not mere bravado nor shallow "playing to the galleries." She realizes the probable cost of such action, but she believes it is necessary—some one must do these things, else there will be no progress. Underneath her apparent indifference to injunctions, Pinkerton thugs and prison cells lies the motive born of a definite purpose. If needs be she would yield her

freedom gladly if by so doing she believed the workers would the more quickly get theirs. Nevertheless, there is nothing incendiary about her; she trusts in the efficacy of the ballot, and has no sympathy with those who teach otherwise.

Busy as "Mother" has been with the miners' union she has found time to help other trades, and to make socialist speeches, as in the presidential campaign two years ago. Her energy is both the concern and wonder of her friends. She never seems to become too tired to answer the call of duty. Sleep is a stranger to her when there's work to be done. During a strike she is always on the alert and no move of the enemy escapes her. She is as resourceful as she is energetic, and as determined as she is both. Innumerable stories could be told of her sagacity, determination and indomitable energy. None can outdo her in fealty to the task at hand. When necessary she will tramp for miles over mountains and along railroad tracks in the dead of night, and to sleep on the bare floors of miners' huts is a common experience that has long ago lost its novelty. Her food is plain at all times, but she has often gone over a day with only a few crusts to eat, and sometimes with nothing at all. No one lives more in her work and for it than she does.

Indeed, if "Mother" Jones has any fault at all it is that she is so much engrossed in her work that she is practically oblivious to anything else—except her dearest friends, whom she surprises from time to time with reminders of her remembrance of them. She reads the newspapers closely, but only to keep posted on affairs affecting the cause. While she obtained a livelihood for years by dressmaking, yet she takes no interest in those things that are supposed to come solely within the purview of womankind. And yet she has a knack of brightening up her usually dark dress with a quiet little bit of color that reveals the innately refined woman. Her one great desire is activity in the

movement, and of the workers, their wrongs and their rights, she never tires. Nothing else will ever take the place of that cause while her brave heart beats.

Next to the cause comes her allegiance to her friends. She has many of these, but of those who are close to her and whom she really loves there are only a few. Because there are really few who understand her, who have long since recognized, under the aggressive manner and fiery speech of the agitator, the pure soul, restless with its mission of justice. Selfishness never finds a refuge within her breast, and countless deeds of thoughtful kindness are gratefully remembered wherever she has been. But it is the sympathetic word, the gentle hand touch, coming when they are most needed, that has tied her friends to her with bonds of steel. Only a woman, gifted with the supreme attribute of unalloyed sympathy, could bring peace to the troubled mind and heart as she does.

Perhaps nothing has contributed to "Mother" Jones' success more than her aptitude to extract mirth from the most trying situation. She is endowed with the saving sense of humor to a degree that has served her well on more than one occasion. She can crack a joke with the "boys," mimic an opponent, transfix an interrupter at a meeting, turn the point of argument with a sarcastic sally—all with equal facility. She is never at a loss for the exact word at a critical moment. And she can change an audience from tears to laughter without any effort at effect, as readily as the words flow from her lips. A rarer combination never took the field for a worthy cause.

* * * * *

The most fertile writer of romance would never select a woman sixty years of age as the central figure of a story, and yet "Mother" Jones has had a career as full of diversity and adventure as could be devised by any disciple of Dumas. One can easily imagine a Joan of Arc, a D'Artagnan, or a Richard of the Lion Heart, but who would ever

hit upon a little woman with gray hair as the daring leader of a crusade? There is material here for some genius to immortalize in the years to come. I have only space here for three incidents that, briefly related, will serve, perhaps, to illustrate the versatility and power of "Mother" Jones.

Several years ago, while passing through Montgomery, Alabama, after one of her investigations of conditions in the southern cotton mills, she visited the Democratic convention, which was in session at the time. One of the delegates, an acquaintance, suggested that she address the convention, and she assented. When the proposition was made several delegates who knew "Mother" objected, but the others, with true southern chivalry, and their historic regard for women, voted down all objections, and she was given the floor. They regretted their chivalry afterwards.

"Mother" thanked the convention for the courtesy extended to her, but immediately asked: "What about the women you have working in the mills of Alabama, sixteen hours a day, for two and three dollars a week? Don't you think they're entitled to some consideration?" She then proceeded to roast the Democratic state administration for its treachery toward the workers and particularly for its repeal, a few years previously, of the law prohibiting the employment of children under 12 years of age in factories. When she got through there was consternation in the convention. Several delegates remonstrated, but others took it up, and when "Mother" left they were still fighting. The papers next day denounced the attempt "to bring discord into the Democratic party by allowing a labor agitator to address the convention."

One winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, "Mother" Jones' duties as organizer took her into a Pennsylvania mining camp, where there were no friendly faces and the mine owners were prepared to fight her. She hired a room in the only boarding house, kept by a widow, in the place.

Then she went out and got up her meeting. It was late when "Mother" returned; she was tired, but the rest she expected when she reached her room was not to be hers that night.

For she had hardly returned, when the boarding house keeper appeared, and after much hesitation and evident humiliation, stated that the company had notified her that "Mother" Jones was not to stay in that house. The woman tearfully said that she was dependent upon the company for existence, that she could not afford to antagonize them, and — and — would "Mother" Jones please go somewhere else and stay? Certainly, she would. Then "Mother" listened to the woman's story of heart-breaking toil and dependency upon the mine owners, gave her a good woman's consolation, kissed her and went out into the night.

It was some time, and only after much tramping around in the snow, before "Mother" succeeded in finding a miner brave enough to allow her to sleep upon the floor of his hovel. But she had her revenge by staying in the camp until a union was organized and the capitalists made to realize that the miners had some rights that had to be more respected hereafter.

What was probably the most dramatic incident of "Mother" Jones' career occurred during the anthracite strike of two years ago. She was then principally occupied in the Hazleton district, where the battle raged the hottest, and it was necessary the most active measures be utilized. This resulted in expeditions of strikers being formed that marched from one mine to another and, by the display of numbers, influenced other miners to quit work. The largest of these expeditions was one composed of nearly five thousand men. It marched one night through the Panther Creek valley, with "Mother" Jones at the head, to a place where miners would be met going to work in the early morning. A dozen nationalities were represented in the parade and, while the journey lasted, songs were sung in as

many languages. Throughout the night fellow countrymen called to each other in their mother tongue.

On through the valley the undrilled army surged until, nearing its destination, it rounded the crest of a little hill and then—the night murk lifted, the dawn broke, and there, lined across the road, stood a company of soldiers waiting for their prey. At the sight those in front of the army of strikers stopped—those behind, not seeing what the leaders saw, pushed forward. There was nearly a catastrophe.

"Halt" cried the colonel in charge.

The pushing continued, and cries of surprise and irritation arose in the rear. In the meanwhile "Mother" Jones got the men in front under control, and then she stepped forward.

"Whatever you do, don't shoot," she said, "or you must take the consequences."

The colonel understood her. He turned to his men, and those who were there say his jaw rattled as he spoke, and the faces of the soldiers were deathly pale.

"Men, for God's sake, remember my voice, and don't fire until I give the word."

Then, as the strikers eyed their enemies sullenly, "Mother" Jones ascended the hill a little way and waved her hand to the bewildered, angry crowd beyond. At sight of her the confusion ceased and order was gradually established. Now that this was accomplished, the question was how to get that crowd away without causing a disturbance and thus prevent probable bloodshed. One false move and a terrible massacre might have occurred. It was left for "Mother" Jones to do what no one else could have done.

With no trace of agitation or alarm she turned the disappointed crowd around. Inch by inch the strikers retreated, with the soldiers pressing them close. It is said that it took three hours for those men to cover four miles, and at any moment something might have broken loose. But the men's confidence

in "Mother" Jones saved the day. Without understanding all she said, obeying only the motion of her lips and the gesture of her arm, they retreated where they would have preferred to go forward. It developed afterwards that another body of strikers to the number of twelve hundred were coming in the opposite direction, so that the soldiers, unawares, were really trapped between two armies. What might have happened under the circumstances, if "Mother" Jones had not acted with tact and skill, can be imagined.

Such is she whose courage and devo-

tion has made her the best beloved woman in the labor movement of America. The Social Revolution, of which she is the *avant courier*, has no purer, more unselfish and dauntless advocate than she. The personification of all that is noble and lofty in the ambitions of the working class, her spirit cannot be broken by persecution, nor, should the experiment ever be tried, confined within the limits of a tyrant's cell. Of her, indeed in that case, it could be truly said:

"Four walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage!"

Two Aspects of the Socialist Doctrine

BY MARCUS HITCH

The Socialist movement has an economic side and a political side. Viewed economically, the development of society presents a constant relative deterioration in the condition of the working class. This is the tendency so strongly emphasized by Marx, and when taken by itself leads to what has the appearance of pessimism or fatalism. This is the basis of the theoretical, scientific, passive, negative, waiting, protesting, indifferent, do-nothing policy of the extreme revolutionists.

Viewed politically, it appears as a constant improvement in the political status and influence of the workers, and in their opportunities for education, association and general enlightenment, which accounts for the optimistic views held by some with regard to the movement. This explains the active, positive, progressive, practical, opportunist, or so-called compromising position of the reformers.

Whether the condition of the working class is worse than formerly according to the same old ideals, or whether, being no worse according to those old ideals, the progress of the working class in enlightenment and aspirations has advanced the ideals, and the class

finds itself with more unsatisfied desires than ever, is immaterial. In either case its discontent and ambition for improvement is justified and is a most encouraging sign. The discovery by the exploited class that a higher life is possible is an important discovery.

There is a streak of irony in the fact that the teachers of scientific socialism sometimes find their own pupils have advanced so far as to turn about and become their opponents. It must have been some such experience as this which wrung from Marx the statement, "As for myself, I am not a Marxist." Marx' active life in the labor movement is not inconsistent with his theories; when properly studied it will prevent us from misinterpreting those theories and making a caricature of them. The old proverb, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," applies with three-fold force to the study of the life-work of two such intellectual giants as Marx and Engels, who down to their dying day were continually widening their range of knowledge and were always ready to throw overboard their old illusions whenever the facts were against them.

To pour into an undisciplined and ill-

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

balanced mind the statement that the condition of the working class is growing relatively worse is more likely to act as a poison than as a healthy stimulant. The word "relatively" leaves no impression on his mind, unless it is further explained to him, and he goes away with the idea that labor conditions are growing worse—that is, absolutely worse—and it is uncertain whether you have started a young socialist or a young anarchist. He cannot understand the paradoxical statement that the most prosperous times for the working class are exactly those times when it is engaged in making its relative condition worse by piling up a greater accumulation of capital for its oppressors and widening the fatal gulf between the classes; and that we are making progress toward socialism by extending the functions of the state in spite of the fact that the capitalists remain in control of the state, and may attempt to use these new functions against the labor class. Every step in public ownership is always a political advance and is generally an economic advance. It is a political advance, because the condition of the laborers under the government is better than under private employers; it is an economic advance in all cases where government monopoly supplants competition. In an industry where a trust has already established a complete monopoly a change to public ownership would not necessarily imply any economic advance.

If it be true that the condition of the labor class is growing both relatively and absolutely worse, and that the omnipotence of the capitalist class is such that every reform, either in industry or in politics, is consciously introduced by it to strengthen its hold, and does in fact strengthen its hold, as claimed by the extremists, then the labor class is forever doomed to helplessness, and capitalism will be eternal.

Admitting for the sake of argument the catastrophic theory to be correct, and that a panic and nothing but a panic can usher in the co-operative common-

wealth, this by no means excuses the revolutionists from advocating palliative measures, so long as they keep up a political organization and put up candidates for election. If they really do not wish to elect anybody, as some of them say, but are merely playing politics in times when there is no panic, against their inner judgment, they are wasting good time and money, which could be better spent in publishing socialist literature.

Nothing can be done in politics except by compromise. In so far as the socialist movement or the labor movement has accomplished anything at all in politics it is opportunist or reformatory. In so far as it is strictly scientific and uncompromising it accomplishes nothing, and under the present form of society never can accomplish anything, because the government is not so arranged that it can be captured all at one stroke at one election. Participation in an election held to fill some offices only, but not all, is a compromise. What is the use of voting unless we can elect on the same day president, senate, house of representatives, supreme court, and so on down the whole list?

But the theory of economic determinism does not limit us to panics and compel us to accept those alone as the forces which move men's minds. Rather the contrary. We know that panics are short-lived, that in them men look back to the preceding prosperity and are easily persuaded to look forward to its return. The "advance agent of prosperity" gets a ready hearing. So long as this hope can be kept alive the labor class can and will endure great privation without changing its views. "Mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed."

More effective than a sudden panic, which is expected to pass away soon, is the steady pressure of the trusts, the uncertainty of employment, the low wages, the difficulty or impossibility of advancement, the increasing employment of

women and children, the introduction of new machinery, the growing sense of dependence and helplessness of the empty-handed laborer in the face of modern industrial conditions. The constant reorganization and consolidation of different branches of business is a perpetual object lesson that we have passed from competition to monopoly and that public ownership is next.

Socialism presents at one and the same time the most materialistic and most spiritual aspect. Materialistic because we observe that the economic factor has been the controlling influence in the past and we rely upon it chiefly for the growth of socialism now. Spiritual, because we look forward to a time when social materialism shall have run its course and committed suicide, so to speak, or, if you please, died a natural death; when through co-operation the economic factor will be practically eliminated, and the mind of man will be freed in a measure from the load of the body. On one hand the socialist doctrine presents a logical proposition which is irrefutable. Society is now controlled by a profit class at the expense of a loss class. This control is based on property, which in turn is based on the state. To free itself the loss class must go down to the sub-basis, get control of the state, and convert all profit-bringing property into public property, and thereby wipe out all class distinctions. We accept the doctrine of human selfishness so thoroughly drilled into us by our capitalist teachers.

We rely upon human selfishness to bring about socialism. We rely on the selfishness of the working class, on their so-called greed, envy, ingratitude, unrest and discontent. We like to stir up class strife so long as the class struggle is denied, because the only way to abolish the class struggle is to force its existence into recognition. We appeal to this selfishness to overthrow human selfishness by removing the economic basis of it.

On the other hand, viewed from a different side the socialist doctrine loses

this hard character and appears in a new and glorious light, surpassing the dreams of the saints. It is the ascent of man from the world of necessity to the world of freedom. The wants of the body being provided for, a true intellectual and spiritual life becomes possible without inflicting suffering on others or being haunted by the sight of suffering which we are powerless to relieve.

It is a common experience in discussion with a capitalist to hear him start out by saying that socialism is unjust, dishonest, wicked and everything bad; that even if attainable it is wholly undesirable. In a little while, as the discussion proceeds, the capitalist changes his tune. He admits that co-operation and brotherhood are good, that socialism presents a noble ideal, so grand and noble as to be unattainable in this world of selfishness. Do you see? First socialism is bad, though possible; second, socialism is good, so good as to be impossible. The idea that all, in return for moderate and healthful work, can and should have food, clothing and shelter in comfortable abundance for life, and have some leisure left for other pursuits, appears to the care-racked victims of present society, both exploiters and exploited, as too good for belief. Think of it, think of having enough to eat all your life without constant fear that some smarter man is going to take it away from you by law—too good for belief!—and that on his dying bed a man should have the comforting assurance that his wife and children will receive the entire attention of society, so far as they need it for their welfare, instead of being cast out and kicked about or politely shunned, as at present, the easy prey of every schemer, until the very words "widow" and "orphan" cause a shudder—this, indeed, would be too good for belief.

Sometimes the above order is reversed, viz., the capitalist will admit at the start that socialism would be a good thing if it were attainable. When you show him that it is easily attainable if the working class, who form the im-

mense majority, is only taught to use the ballot in its own selfish interest, he gets nervous, denounces agitators, and hints vaguely at a bloody revolution; the prospect of an early realization of socialism is disagreeable to him. He is in favor of socialism, provided no effective means are taken to bring it about.

When we advocate a practical, working, political program we are told that immediate demands are all right in Europe, where industry is not so far developed, but that economic development in the United States has proceeded so far that immediate demands are no longer proper in our platform, and that they appear childish in view of our ultimate goal and its seeming nearness. There is some truth in this view, but not enough to make it valid. While economic development in the United States is far in advance of that on the continent of Europe, yet, strange and impossible as it may seem to a scientist, the political development of the working class over there is far in advance of that in the United States. In spite of our economic development, and in spite of the fact that the working class in the United States for a generation past has been locked out, black-listed, bullied, pace-setted, truck-stored, weight-cheated, docked, sweat-shopped, injunctioned, fined, imprisoned, clubbed, shot, bayonetted, Wardnered, Hazletoned, coerced, cajoled, arbitrated, conciliated, harmonized, starved out and trampled upon by the non-partisan courts in the most shameful manner, yet, after this treatment, the economically developed proletariat continues to lick the hand that smites it and to vote over and over again the same old party ticket, as if nothing had happened. It is therefore

evident that the economic factor alone is going to require some considerable time to bear fruit, and that there is also room for a little spiritual activity.

Some of our comrades in attempting to explain everything by economic causes alone lose all sense of *time*. Admitting that economic conditions are the primary and fundamental causes of social movements, it must nevertheless not be forgotten that these causes do not produce instantaneous effects, but work slowly upon the mind; that the mind does not reflect outward conditions like a snap-shot camera, with a fresh plate for every occasion, but that with the mind we must use the same old plate for life, and it is only as the newer impressions are stronger than the old that the latter become dim and give way to the former. This process requires time, and the period of time may be shortened by conscious effort. Here is where the sentimental, emotional, or so-called ideological work comes in, which our materialistic friends look down upon as unscientific. Their science does not embrace the science of human prejudices, though prejudices are stubborn facts. One of our comrades has covered the point with these words: "I admit the inconsistency of such a policy, but we must take men as they are, and not as we would have them. The aim of our party should be to get as many as possible in sympathy with us without surrendering in any way our revolutionary ideal."

It is for these reasons that we insist on putting immediate demands in our political platform. They are a necessary means of propaganda in the present state of political development among the working class of the United States.



The Child and the Republic

BY CORINNE S. BROWN

To one who is not a student of sociology or economics social life presents itself in a series of disjointed facts and unexplained phenomena. To the socialist, who knows that the ultimate base of all human activity is economic need, these disjointed facts and unexplained phenomena become parts of a connected whole.

In no department of social life is the economic struggle revealing itself more interestingly than in the department of education. The economic condition of four-fifths of the people of the United States is preventing their children from obtaining that education necessary to fit them for life. Two-thirds of our children do not attend school after fourteen years of age. This short term gives no child sufficient education to cope with the powers in the world, nor to develop himself, and the consequence is that before long we shall have an ignorant community to carry on this American republic. Out of each one hundred children that are enrolled in the second grade of our public schools twenty-six enter the high school and two graduate. The economic conditions here are certainly making for the ignorance of the nation.

The conflict of economic interests between those who sell the paraphernalia of education is perhaps more familiar to the business community. The pencil, book, chalk, paper and school-furnishing interests, all form a lobby that haunts the offices of every Board of Education in the United States. Add to this the real estate, brick, coal and lumber interests, and we have as instructive and destructive a machine to be studied in Boards of Education as we have in our legislative bodies. The book interest is anxious to furnish millions of

books all alike. This renders the books uninteresting, commonplace, easily and cheaply produced; but it does not make for the mental wealth of the children. The teaching force affords a field for exploitation. Very few teachers can escape being importuned by one or the other of these interests, especially if they be at all prominent and in line for promotion.

The latest phase of the play of economic interests is indicated in the strike at coeducation, which has been inaugurated by Professor Harper at Chicago University, and the desire expressed by Professor Peck that there should be a limited class of educated persons to whom should be entrusted all affairs of state. Coeducation is the democratic fulfillment of equal opportunity in education of women with men. Professor Peck's idea is the capitalistic sentiment that education is not needed by working men, as it increases their wants and makes them less tractable. These professors and others are at the head of institutions which are aristocratic and exclusive. They voice ancient educational sentiments, and, not seeing that education must meet the needs of the time, would rather force the times into accommodation with their conceptions. The times demand a scientific education. The young men of today want and need to learn how to do things, and to see scientific demonstrations. The dead languages are of little interest or value to them. The study of literature and languages, except as necessary for business purposes, is for them a waste of time. They must qualify to meet the economic pressure. The professors are trying to fit worn-out methods to present-day needs. The university is not adapting itself to the present economic demands.

The number of pupils who graduated from the high schools of Chicago this year was thirteen hundred, the number of boys four hundred, but one hundred and eight of those boys graduated from the English Manual Training School, and if that school had not been in existence it is very likely that a majority of those one hundred and eight boys would not have attended high school at all. That the young women are attending the university in the proportion of three to one, and are carrying off the honors, means that they will become successful competitors for many situations which President Harper and his kind think belong to men. There is no need for women to plume themselves on this fact, it does not prove their superior ability, but that the economic conditions of their parents or themselves is such that they are able to take the time to study even the effete curriculum that is presented by the university. The education that is given to these young women is new to womankind, and is therefore revealing to her a new world in which she is intensely interested, but if she were as experienced as her brothers, and if the economic pressure upon her was the same, as it will be in the near future, then she, too, would demand a better education, dealing with the concrete, the experimental and the scientific. The economic need of the Chicago University prompted President Harper's attempt to put all public schools in Chicago, as well as in other cities, under the guidance of the university. To encourage young men to become his students he proposed to put them in as grade teachers after graduation, in place of women. The economic need of the teachers in the city forced them to form a federation, which has been a most unique and successful labor organization. This federation found the reason the teachers' salaries were being lowered. It demonstrated that the same economic interests which have subscribed, since 1875, ninety-five millions of money to foster *private* education were evading their taxes, and consequently *public* education was being de-

frauded of the money needed to sustain it.

These few instances but give a hint as to the way in which economic interests are warring in the educational field. Education has long been of a rather ornamental character. Those pursuits conducive to a leisure life have predominated: the dead languages, literature, the aesthetics. The university has hitherto dictated to the high school its curriculum, and in turn the high school has dictated to the grammar school, and the grammar school to the primary, each grade being required to fit itself for the coming grade. The introduction of the kindergarten has reversed this order. It demands that children shall not be treated as lumps of clay, to be moulded into some dictated form, but that the children must be given opportunity for expression and freedom to think. This new idea is forcing itself into all the grades, and now the demand is not that books printed by the million, and accessories alike and uniform in character shall be provided for the children's education, but that the needs of each child shall be considered, his abilities for work shall be fostered, his originality shall be developed, and he shall be given every means of expression for what is in him. The economic world is demanding the results of just such an education. It demands originality, ability to express, fearlessness of character, In consequence we find the new educators demanding that manual training shall be put in all the grades, especially in the lowest, that scientific studies shall take the place of the old classical studies, technological departments included in the universities, and the ability to meet the practical work of life developed. The faculties of universities, and those who are in the business of furnishing school supplies, will succeed as they meet these new demands. Wealthy individuals who foster private education which reaches one-tenth of one per cent of our children, at the expense of public education for all children, are building for the ignorance and possible destruction of the republic.

Discontent

BY PAUL SHIVELL

'Tis sin to be content with life in reach!
 'Tis discontent with sin, not life, I teach.
 To sit self-satisfied amidst oppression,
 A coward be, to tyrant make concession,
 Is utterly impossible to me;
 For I must tell the people what I see,
 Willing that every man shall do the
 same,
 And share with me the censure, and the
 flame!
 And may a million minds rise up and
 teach:
 'Tis sin to be content with life in reach.

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